

It was reasonable to suppose that the *great regard for truth* which actuates even the most depraved, would have shown itself among the Border Ruffians of the political campaign gave it freedom to act. In this we are mistaken. The *Register* in a tirade of abuse against the free State men, has the following:

That heretofore "Kansas outrages" will be regarded as the very strongest of all expectations for the future and most incredible felonies—the wildest Manchurian outrages.

This in face of the fact that in the Senate pronounced them a "disgrace to civilization,"—in defiance of the proclamation of Pierce himself,—and of the affidavits of pro-slavery witnesses before the commissioners. The gigantic lie of the *Register* denies the fact that LeCompte has at the last term of his court sent twenty men to the chain gang for five years each for resisting the border ruffians,—while even Grant has given evidence of a "great rage" at these cruelties and corruptions of this worse than a Jeffery.

The fact is patent to every intelligent man. Kansas was a free territory, with a large majority of her legal voters in favor of freedom. She now is a slave territory, under a brutal slave code and with her late elections unanimous—(mark the fact.) UNANIMOUS for slavery. How has this been produced? Just as any other subjugation by brute force is done—by murder, arson, imprisonment, robbery, and every method of barbarous war. That man is incapable of reason who knowing merely the condition of the territory past and present will not *know* the brutal outrages must have been perpetrated to produce the present condition of affairs.

The Herculean task—or rather the Satanic undertaking of the loquacious Press to conceal, by tremendous lying, the foul crimes of their administration in that territory will not avail them. The people cannot be kept in ignorance, and the attempts to blind them is as vain as it is exorable.

Mr. STEARNS talented cotemporary of the *Findlay Companion* favored us with a slight of his amiable pen in our Sanctum on Wednesday. He looks hearty, and "reports progress" for his village and journal.

Mr. E. Gwyn of Springfield, Ohio, who proposes to meet G. W. W. in this city, will address the citizens upon this subject, at the Court House, this (Friday) evening at 7 o'clock, P. M.

Gas Works.

We publish the Gas ordinance to day, also a call for a gas—not gas—public meeting. It is understood that two rows of lights are to be burning next June,—extending from the Railroad to the South end extremity of Washington St. Undulating with the street, these ranks of lights will present a very beautiful appearance. Go and attend the meeting.

Dentistry.

Dr. MAY publishes his card in this issue. The Dr. is a good looking man, and we are reliably informed is an accomplished operator. He gives excellent advice, which merits attention.

Dr. C. C. BULLMAN also bows to his patrons through our columns. Don't let that vicious looking picture frighten you. The Dr. operates as gently as possible.

EPITAPH ON LEWIS CASS.

Deified ashore in the national gaze,
The veteran Cass lies below,
Whom political life was a mortal coil,
Beginning and ending with Delight.

Read W. H. G.'s communication on our Fair. We do not doubt, that the "motion" made by "P." and seconded to-day, will be carried by an unanimous majority among the farmers.

"SEAR JACKS" is the title of a side splitting compendium of fun and anecdotes, to be had at J. Polan's book store. Expend a shilling, laugh and grow fat.

Morse & Glute's dramatic troupe are giving another series of performances. The troupe possesses decided merit—representing their characters in comedies and several tragedies as well as they can be represented by any cast.

A Night Watch.

The Aldermen have resolved to guard our slumbers with a good efficient night watch. All the young men who like to be snatched up as eagerly as a flamingo would nab a mud turtle, and signed to the care of "Bob" Nicolson, the proprietor of the well known "Nichele House," Robert, will see that they duly sober off—and then start them, on the payment of a moderate lodging bill.

We anticipate a large increase of custom at that invaluable hotel. Now boys mind your dogies! It is all fairly under a sod,—and if you get too "tight" to dodge the watch, your "gnasers" certain. Keep your eyes peeled for the watch, or else stay at home.

A PRETTY RIDDLE.—I will consent to all you desire, said a young lady to her lover, on condition that you will give what you have not, what you never can have, and yet what you can give me. What did she ask for? A husband.

"Five Years in a Chain Gang."

By way of keeping up a wholesome terror of the slave power in Kansas. Judge LeCompte has sentenced TWENTY of the free State men who resisted the attack of the border ruffians to five years on the CHAIN GANG, or the same time in the penitentiary.

This was done November 18th inst.—Kansas now lies prostrate under the ruffian code,—slavery established beyond hope, and here in the States, while such devilish despotism is practiced as the above, the dastardly tools of those ruffians are sneering about "bleeding Kansas." As certain as God lives these outrages will be avenged if they are not stopped. The American people may be deceived temporarily, but these cruelties will not long be perpetrated on their fellow citizens with impunity.

A Chain Gang.

The proposition to institute a chain gang for the purpose of ridding our city of worthless and mischievous fellows is seriously discussed among the people,—and steps toward the establishment of that system of discipline have already been taken. When guilty of misdemeanors and crimes, these persons are recommended to jail, and the county put to the expense of their trial and keeping. By putting them to work on the roads, of streets, with the ball and chain, they would pay the expense of prosecution and punishment.

Our individual preferences are against the system. A man having been once exposed on the public thoroughfares under the degrading chain and ball, and the still more degrading whip, becomes by that treatment sunk to the lowest possible infamy, and every motive to reformation is paralyzed or crushed. He can sink no lower, let him be guilty of what wickedness he may,—and for a member of the chain gang to entertain a hope of attaining respectability is futile indeed.

Nevertheless we regard the system as possessing some recommendations. It seldom fails to drive out of a second class city like our own, all confirmed vagabonds, and it serves as a terrible warning to young miscreants and their parents and guardians. If anything will impress a boy with the horrible wages of vice, it is to see a pale faced, dejected culprit, at the road side with the ball to his foot, dragging out the weary term of his condemnation.

As in Surgery, we would recommend the use of the knife, the saw, the trepan, the forceps, and all the cruel instruments for cutting off and removing diseased members of the body, where such harsh means were necessary to preserve life; so we hesitate at no remedy however harsh which the life and health of the body politic require. It we need a chain gang—give us one; but we are not prepared to say the "body corporate" of Tiffin requires such savage Allopahy, such vigorous antidotes.

P. S. If the chain gang is instituted we advocate a good large one. Sick is all the good for nothing lazy d—s about town, and let the good people have nice clean streets this winter to promenade upon.

A STATE WITHOUT TAXES.—The State of Texas is in a most enviable condition in regard to her finances. Her Comptroller, in a recent report, presents the following picture of her condition: "The State is out of debt, with a surplus of over a million of dollars in the treasury,—a permanent 5 per cent fund of ten millions of dollars—an unappropriated public domain, estimated at one hundred million acres, which, if judiciously used, would subvert all the purposes of internal improvements required by the State, and a tax lighter than is imposed on any other people, and which is adequate to all the wants of government. The aggregate amount of taxable property is very nearly \$180,000,000, being an increase of \$25,000,000 over the previous year.

THE WHY AND WHEREFORE.—Indiana has gone stronger pro-slavery than any other Northern State. The white native citizens of Indiana, over twenty years of age, who could not read and write in 1830 numbered 69,445—greater than the same class numbered in any other State, North or South, except Virginia and North Carolina, and more than double the number New York contained, with three times the population. The vote of Indiana is thus accounted for. But the future promises well. The census from which we get the above facts show that at the same time Indiana had 220,000 children attending school.

Please for me look at your *Times*—any about twelve or eighteen months back. I want to find when old Mrs. Galt died, and who settled her estate!

SLAVE INSURRECTIONS.

Since the "last war" with England, in 1812, little danger has been apprehended from a revolt on the part of the Southern slaves. Recently the terrible rumors have become frightfully frequent and prevalent of conspiracies among them.—The timid women and enervated chivalry are haunted by their dreams and waking meditations by apparitions of "black demons"—rising for liberty, with the stealthy knife and bloody sword at midnight. The St. Louis Intelligencer says:

Talk of negro insurrections has become rather frequent down South, of late. We had, first, quite a formidable insurrection of the kind in Texas—a large number of negroes being implicated. Next, we had a very threatening story from the vicinity of Memphis. And now we have one of pure Missouri origin. The New Madrid Times, of last Saturday, says:—A number of prominent citizens of this county have called a meeting to be held at the Court House, in this city, on this day, for the purpose of determining the best course to be adopted to suppress a supposed insurrection of the negroes in this and adjoining counties. This move was put out on foot after information had been received that the negroes of this county, Thomas, having concocted, and now meditating a general insurrection, to take place about the twenty-fifth of December.

They may take their "precautions," sleep with revolvers in their grasp, surround their chambers with protective bars and bolts like Eastern despots, and yet the day will come when the sky will redden with the flames of their burning buildings—and the black hands of their slaves be red with their blood. If this prediction is not true, there is no truth in history; no profit in experience; no effect for a potent cause. To suppose that thinking, reasoning, intellectual beings as the slaves are, can live in the moon-day bliss of American enlightenment, and not be aroused to a sense of their rights and wrongs, is nothing better than the very madness of folly. That nation never existed yet which oppressed another people and escaped stout of national, and to a great extent violent individual extinction.

THE SENATE, DURING.—The Buchanan law, and powers are set to prove that Judge Hall has been elected to Congress over Hon. Cooper K. Watson, in the Senate district, notwithstanding the Constitution of Ohio, declares that the votes cast for a Congressman who at the time of the election holds the office of Judge, shall not be counted. Judge Hall held such an office when he was elected. The Constitution of the United States gives to Congress the right to decide who are and who are not legally elected members of either house. We have no doubt that with this power the House of Representatives will decide that Judge Hall is entitled to his seat. What the duty of the Governor of Ohio is,—who sets aside the provisions of his State Constitution,—under the circumstances, we shall not attempt to speak. We have never spoken to him on the subject, nor have we any means of knowing what he intends to do. We know, however, that he will act in this case, as he has acted in other cases, in accordance with the law and his plain duty under the Constitution. Nothing else hinders such a conclusion which the people of all parties in Ohio, rejoice in our Government, than that during this whole controversy no one has expressed a doubt in regard to the integrity of the Governor, or has uttered a belief that he would not do his duty without party bias, in the case presented.

That Judge Hall is entitled to his certificate from the Governor, we doubt. That he is entitled to his seat in Congress, we have no doubt, he having a clear majority of the legal electors. The only show of the absurdity of the provision in the Constitution, which Constitution, at the time of its adoption, was regarded as the embodiment of loquacious political wisdom.

When Col. Schouler emits such an astonishing paradox, he ought either to us riddle it at once, or else excite and gratify a pleasant curiosity by promising and giving the "answer next week." If Hall is "clearly entitled to a seat," he is as clearly entitled to a certificate from the Governor to that effect, and vice versa.—Whether it is "an absurdity" to forbid our courts of justice from entering the lists of politics, we leave to the good sense of the reader. There is no absurdity about the provision of the Constitution; its integrity and consistency, as well as its necessity are indisputable.

Judge Hall did not have a "clear majority of the legal voters cast,"—for there are nearly as many illegal voters cast in Seneca County as his majority. The Constitution provides that every voter shall be a CITIZEN and a RESIDENT of the township or ward where he votes next previous to the election. Now the fact is known to this whole community, that over ONE HUNDRED of those who polluted our ballot-boxes with their illegal votes were not citizens three days next before the election. The fact is also patent and undisputed here that a large number of these "voters" were unearthed by Judge Hall himself in his moilings in the retreats to which his habits had led him. He carried his whiskey flask in one pocket, his judicial commission in the other, "naturalized" applicants wherever he met them, and then applying his flask to their mouths and his tickets to their palms, departed in his honorable career in search of new "American citizens."

We cast no reflections upon the State Journal, but any man who will justify such conduct would advocate a general system of horse-stealing. We may add, the constitutional provision in the case is just as necessary as the criminal statute in the other,—and the only "absurdity" about the law in this particular is that they do not punish each act with the same penalty.

There is a French dancing company to this country so-called that if she should run against a moonbeam it would break her leg.—Ex.

So ethical are our ladies in this country that they are obliged to keep the moonbeams from breaking their legs by the use of stout hickory and sea-wood embrauses.

Communicated.

For the Tribune.

County Fairs.

Mr. EDITOR.—The suggestion of "P." in your paper of last week, is a good one. Let us have stock sales at our fairs. Our fairs are the most amusing & interesting gatherings known to society. Another "ring" should be introduced, for Colts, Stallions, Mules, Horses, draft horses, etc. Have nothing but riding and driving in the large "ring." Let the Ladies be "got out" with their "plumes" and flowing robes, and mounted on "chargers," proud as their riders, and bold and graceful. Give as a premium for gentleman horsemanship. There is great room for improvement in their style and skill.—Increase the committee force, and give them power to exclude persons from the "ring," who are mounted on "crooked butts." Give a premium for the best trained team, single horse in harness, and saddle horse. The moment one set of horses have been sufficiently tested in the ring, let them be removed to the "Judge's square" for further examination, and fresh nags be trotted out. Thus you secure constant interest and excitement.

The society should build two halls, each about 75 by 50 feet, and well enclosed. In one exhibit, fruits, flowers, grains, vegetables, dairy and kitchen products, light manufactures, shrubbery, etc. In the centre of this place needle-work show cases, etc. Then make it a "gallery of art," where pictures and statuary may be exhibited to advantage. The halls would be 200 feet in extent, and around there I would place pictures &c. More than two hundred could be secured for such an exhibition in Tiffin. Let them be procured and arranged before the fair. They can be handled without injury. Who would not lend their pictures for such a purpose? Open that room to no one, except exhibitors, until the afternoon of the first day. Have a platform for music inside. Let our Band volunteer to inaugurate the show.—Ask the fireman and military to turn out. And at a fixed moment, then open the doors to this Hall of art and splendor.—Let the band greet the thousands with strains of inspiring music, and as their eyes feast upon the rich display, and their ears, are tonebathed by the sweet cadence of music, they will wish that all could see what they see, and hear what they hear. One, by accident is present, the first day, from a remote neighborhood. He is charmed by the "fair's" hall, and after looking upon the sports of the ring, he has seen home to set the country on fire.

In this County such an arrangement would give an attendance of 20,000 on the second and third days. It would increase the numbers of articles and stock exhibited, and give a lasting impetus to the enterprise. Let it be tried! It can be done. Let us do something worthy of the best County in Ohio. Hundreds from other counties, would come to greet us.

Such an exhibition would certainly attract thousands. Who would not give a quarter for an admission to a gallery of 200 fine pictures? Here, for a mere trifle, the father with his wife, and little ones, would be admitted to an exhibition at once imposing and ennobling. We are naturally lovers of the grand and beautiful, in nature and art.

I estimate that two halls such as I speak of, can be constructed for about \$800.—After the fair is over close them up. Let political parties use them by paying say \$20 a meeting. Give them, without charge to the college students and common school scholars for their exhibitions, if asked for. In this way the public will be accommodated, and a small Revenue derived for the benefit of the society.

What a magnificent hall we might have for summer exhibitions! Seventy-five feet long and fifty feet wide, and decorated in taste.

Start a subscription for the halls. Let us contribute in lumber or timber, if we desire to do so. We will give shingles, nails, laths, or something to secure the object. In the movement we can awaken a common pride and secure a common effort.

W. H. G.

Dr. T. C. W. will be at the Shawhan House next Wednesday, Dec. 3d.—See advertisement.

The liar is the greatest fool; but the truest greatest fool is he who tells all he knows. A prudent silence is the highest practical wisdom. Silence has made more fortunes, than the most gifted eloquence.

A lady who superintends a Sunday School, having occasion to interrogate one of her pupils as to the cause of her father's non-attendance at church, received the following innocent reply, prefaced, of course, by a sweet little drop of a cursey: "Please, ma'am, my father says he isn't coming to church any more, 'cause he's got a cold, and he can't get a bit of sleep."

A spring beggar in wretchedness it is said.

Draw up content for the deficiencies of fortune.

Only the idler or the coward rails against his fortune.

A man's own heart must be given to gain that of an other.

Western Annoyances.

Judge J., who has returned from a tour in the West, relates an anecdote illustrative of the horrors to which travelers in that region are exposed. In a passage on one of the rivers he fell in with a tall, active lady and gentleman, to whom he was relating some of his sufferings from mosquitoes.

"Husband," said the lady to the gentleman, "you had better tell the gentleman about the man in Iowa." The hint was sufficient, and the husband proceeded to say that in their travels further west they had made their acquaintance of a stalwart rollicking Western Hoosier, one of the genus who "could whip his weight in wild cats," but who possessed a fund of quiet humor. On one occasion they stopped at a hotel in the interior, not of the most inviting appearance. They were shown to their rooms, the lady and gentleman at one end and the hoosier at the other end of the hall. About midnight the doorway was opened by the report of the fire-arms, proceeding from the end of the hall occupied by their traveling companion. Both started up in bed at his untimely alarm, and began to speculate upon the cause, when they heard a rushing of feet and a confusion of voices in the hall. On going to the door, the gentleman found the whole house, headed by the landlord, rushing in the direction of the report. His curiosity led him to join the midnight procession, and he found himself with the rest in front of the Hoosier's door. The landlord tried the latch, but found it fast, whereupon, in a loud voice, he demanded instant admission.

"What do you want?" roared a voice within.

"Want to come in," replied the landlord.

"Can't do it!" was the response from within. "It is my room, and I'm in bed, and you can't come in!"

"Let me in!" shouted the landlord in a louder voice, at the same time shaking the door violently, "or I'll break the door down!"

The door was opened, when in rushed the whole party, expecting to see the floor covered with blood. What was their surprise to find everything in its proper place; and the Hoosier calm and unconcerned. A revolver was lying carelessly upon the bed.

"Who fired that pistol?" demanded the surprised landlord.

"I did," was the reply.

"Why?" asked the landlord.

The Hoosier stepped to the bed and throwing up the covering, said, "Look here. Do you see that?"

The attention of the party was at once directed to the point indicated, and there over the whole surface of the sheet, bedbugs were crawling in every direction like a flock of sheep frightened by a dog. The landlord was chagrined and puzzled, and looked to his lodger for an explanation.

"These," began the Hoosier, straightening himself up to his full height, and gestulating with his right hand in a grandiloquent style; "these are my friends! I have invited an armistice with them, and we are on friendly terms; but on the window sill there just outside, you will find two infernal big ones that I couldn't do anything with, so I just put a hole through them. But it is all right now—it's all understood between me and my friends here, and we shall get along well enough now."

It is needless to add that the landlord retired to his bed crest fallen, while the spectators enjoyed a hearty laugh.

THE VINDICATED GENET.—That very able and ubiquitous sheet, "An Exchange paper," gives the following very plain intimations, which we commend to the afflicted:

"There is a class of men in every community, who go about with vinegar faces because somebody feels above them, or because they are not appreciated as they should be, and who have a constant quarrel with what they call their destiny.—We hate such people. They make all within their influence uncomfortable.—These men have usually made a grave mistake in the estimation of their abilities or are intimidated asses. Wherever this fault-finding with one's condition or position occurs, there is always want of self-respect. If you are a right down clever fellow, wash the worm-wood off your face, and show your good will by your good deeds. If people 'feel above' you, why not return the compliment, and feel above them? If they turn up their noses because you are a mechanic, or a farmer, or a clerk, turn up your nose a notch higher. If they swell when they pass you in the street, swell yourself.—Deliver us from the whining folk who go around like babies telling how people abuse them, and whining because people will not take them by the collar and drag them into decency."

DAMNED LOGIC.—A colored preacher recently, in addressing a negro audience in the South, said:

"I expect dat de reason de Lor make us brack men was 'cause he use all de white men up before he get to de brack men, an' he had to make his brack."

But dat don't make no odds, my brudder de Lor look arter de brack man, too. Don't de Scripser say dat two sparrow hawks an' sold for garden, and dat no one ob 'em shall fall 'pon de ground without dere fader's?"

Well, den, my brudder, if your heider fader care so much for a sparrow hawk, when you can buy two ob 'em for a fader, how berry much more he cares for you, dat is worth six ob 'em hundred dollars a piece."

If that arguement isn't a colored one, consider, den, how much at a loss what term to apply to it.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—Mr. Abraham Reuben, an aged citizen of the town of Seneca, Seneca County, was struck by the engine of a freight train going west at 2 1/2 o'clock A. M., on Friday, while walking on the track on his way to Seneca, breaking both legs, bruising his spine and fracturing his skull. He died from the injuries the same evening. He was aged 70 years.

"Even this will pass over," was the proverbial wish Solomon gave to an Eastern friend, who desired such a motto as would make the soul strong in misfortune, and humble in prosperity.

Insecurity of Life in N. Orleans.

There must be a dreadful insecurity of life in New Orleans, and an utter want of protection from the police. Read the following, taken from the issue of the New Orleans Crescent of the 3d. No less than five murders were committed in different parts of the city, at about the same time. The *Crescent* says:

DEATH BY BLOOD.—The Coroner, on Saturday, held an inquest on the body of a murdered man, found on the river bank in the Third District, near Shalton's mill. The body was found floating against the bank in a recumbent position, as if placed that way by his murderer, and upon a post-mortem examination it appeared that death had been caused by a bullet entering the right side of the back, penetrating the lungs and causing internal hemorrhage. Life had not, apparently, been long extinct. A verdict was rendered that the deceased had been shot and killed by some person to be jury unknown.

While holding the above inquest, the Coroner received word that another murdered man had been found floating down the river in a skiff, but as it was then the parish of St. Bernard, and consequently out of his jurisdiction, he did not go to hold an inquest on the body. The murder was strongly supposed to have had some connection with the one first named. Perhaps it had, and perhaps it had not.

On Saturday night a late hour there was row among some Irishmen in Francis Powell's house, in the Triangle Building; in the course of which one man named John Tully was stabbed and killed by another man named Patrick Kelly.—made his escape. The Coroner held an inquest on the body yesterday and returned a verdict attributing the fatal stab to the aforesaid Patrick Kelly.

It appears that the parties were having a drunken carousal, and game of cards with their friends, in a coffee-house with closed doors, when the affray and killing took place.

On Saturday night, also, Mr. Wm. Aikin of the firm of Twibell & Aikin, gas-fitter on St. Charles street, was found lying on the banquetta on Gravier street, not from Holt's Coffee-house, badly stabbed. He was taken to his residence, and yesterday we heard that he was not expected to live. He is a Scotchman by birth, we are informed, and has always been a peaceable and inoffensive man.—We heard also that some man was badly cut, at the corner of Poydras and St. Charles streets, but of this we could get no particulars.

A man named James Osborn was locked up last evening by the First District Police, on a charge of having stabbed a boy named Hugh Ford and a man named Patrick Lane. We obtained no further particulars.

A GERMAN WOMAN WHIPS TWO DAUGHTERS.—An amusing incident happened yesterday, in that part of our city known as Texas. A poor German washer-woman and her two daughters, who were greatly annoyed by two draymen, who would right or wrong, take water from her cistern to give to their horses. The cistern was low, and the poor woman, after remonstrating some time without effect, determined to resort to more forcible arguments. She placed her children and a couple of tubs full of dirty clothes that were in soak, about the cistern, and then seated herself on the lid.

Soon afterwards the draymen entered the yard, each carrying a couple of large buckets. Sitting down their buckets, they took hold of the cistern lid, and carried it to the other end of the yard, where they deposited their load, and going to the cistern, tumbled over the children and began to draw the water. The blood of the Teutonic feminine waxed warm. She rolled up her sleeves, and declaring—"I been a better man as you," she rushed forward and grappled with one of the draymen, who struggled to release her hold, but so violent was the assault that she backed him to the tubs of dirty clothes, and still holding on his neck with one hand, she with the other grasped a handful of the soaking garments, whose odor was anything but pleasant, and began to thrash him over the head and face with them.

He struggled, but as one handful was thrashed dry, she grasped another, and hammered away as if for life. By a great effort the drayman broke loose, but the feminine combatant grasped his comrad and began to lash him also with the wet clothes. After a vain struggle, the two draymen got free, and dashed out of the yard in such haste that they left their buckets behind. The victorious heroine seized the buckets and hurling them into the street, called, "Darg, I tells you I been a better man as you. Now you come again I whips you more."

The draymen had enough, and will not again venture to draw water from other people's cistern without permission.—[The *Tribune* says.]

A sailor had wandered into a churchyard, and was amusing himself by reading the inscriptions on the grave-stones. Presently he came to one on which was inscribed the following:

"Ween not for me, my dearest dear, I am not dead, though I lie here."

This was too much for Jack. Shifting his quid, he ejaculated:

"Well, I've heard say that there are cases in which a man may lie, but I've seen dead I'd own it!"

AN IRISH CERTIFICATE.—A poor son of the Emerald Isle applied for employment to an American banker, who told him that he was a good clerk named James, with all the goodly attributes of the office. Whereupon King started off in pursuit, and carried him to a public house, and there, after a few drinks, he said:

"Ah, your honor," said Pat, brightening up, "and is that all? Then you'll give me the place for which I came to get a certificate, that I never died in the employ of any master ever served."

George W. Johnson, one of the large sugar planters of the Mississippi, below New Orleans, who died recently, has left an estate valued at not less than \$7,000,000. He has by his will manumitted all his slaves, two hundred in number. They are all to be sent to Liberia in four years from his death, and each one is to be furnished with \$50.

Westminster on "Dred."

The old Westminster Review has the following on Mrs. Stowe's last production:

"At length we have Mrs. Stowe's new novel, and for the last three weeks there have been men, women, and children reading it with rapt attention—laughing and sobbing over it—lingering with delight over its exquisite landscapes, its scenes of humor and tenderness, and rude heroism—and glowing with indignation at the terrible representation of barbarous barbarities. Such a book is an uncontrollable power, and critics who follow it with their objections and reservations—who complain that Mrs. Stowe's plot is defective, that she has repeated herself, that her book is too long and too full of hymns and religious dialogue, and that it creates an unfair bias—are something like men pursuing a picture fire with desultory wistling—say."

Dealing With Thieves.

The following true story is told of Jacob Sheafe, Esq., a merchant of Portsmouth in former times.

A man had purchased some wool of him, which he had weighed and paid for, and Mr. Sheafe had gone to the bank room to get change for a note. Happening to turn his head while there, he saw in a glass, which swung so as to reflect the shop, a stout man reach up and take from the shelf, a heavy white cash-box. Instead of appearing suddenly and rebuking the man for his theft, as another would, thereby losing his custom forever, the elderly old gentleman gave the thief his change as if nothing had happened, and then under the presence of lifting the bag to lay it on the horse for him, took hold of it and exclaimed—

"Why bless me, I must have reckoned the weight wrong."

"Oh, no," said the other, you may be sure you have not, for I counted with you."

"Well, well, we don't dispute the matter, it's all easily tried," said Mr. S., putting the bag into the scales again.—There, said he, I told you so; know I was right—made a mistake of nearly twenty pounds; however, if you don't want the whole you needn't have it; I'll take part of it."

Not said the other, staying the hands of Mr. S. on the way to the string of the bag. "I guess I'll take the whole."

And this he did, paying for dishonesty by receiving the skim milk cheese for the price of wool.

On another occasion Mr. S. missed a barrel of pork. A few months after, a man one day asked him the question.

"Did you ever find out who took that pork, Mr. Sheafe?"

Yes, was the reply, "you are that fellow for none but myself and the thief knew of the loss." The fellow was detected by the shrewd dealer, who possessed the valuable faculty of knowing when to be silent."

"Have you any thick little boys' outside over coats?" said Mr. Partington, as she entered the "Household."—Oak Hall, as she called it. The young man in attendance indignantly asked her how thick the little boy was. She looked at him a moment, and seeing that he didn't know any better, she explained that it was a thick coat she wanted for like—

"Would you like a Raglan?" said he, taking up a coat thus denominated, "no I want a new one; this is rag enough without any more," pointing to the garment worn by the boy, that showed sandy, fringed that were protruding. He explained that it was the name of a new garment of the description that she wanted, and uttering a very extended "Oh!" she proceeded to negotiate. He was delighted with the specious pockets, and when he got home the old lady took out of them four apples, a pint of peaches, a pocket comb, a "House that Jack built," handkerchief, a top string, six buttons, a dozen matches, four pieces of slate pencil, a bit of beeswax, and